THE DELIVERANCE.

A POEM:

TO THE Prince of Orange.

By a Perſon of Quality.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and are to be Sold by *R. Baldwin*, in the *Old-Baily*. M DC LXXXIX.

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THE

Deliverance, &c.

LOng had theſe Iſles their Boding Slav'ry ſeen,
As long without Redreſs or helper been;
Invading Tyranny had long prevail'd,
And now their Rights and Properties Aſſail'd.
The unreſiſted Torrent over-bore
Thoſe Laws that were Impregnable before:
Long had the ſuff'ring Natives been oppreſs'd,
And ſtill the farther from a wiſh'd-for reſt:
Long did they court him with too blind Applauſe,
Who, to his Luſt did Sacrifice their Laws.
His right to Govern huſht their murmuring Zeal,
And Generous as Paſſive let him Kill:
Their Native Int'reſts, with their Lives, expos'd,
And Patience unto Injuries oppos'd:
To Armd Revenge with Naked Innocence ſtood,
And freely ſacrific'd their guiltleſs Blood;
So much has Loyalty of Fortitude.
Till hungry Zeal, Inſatiate and Unjuſt,
Forwards unto perpetual Ruine thruſt:
The untaught Pilot baſely hurryed on
The furious Chariot of a Raging Throne.
Not Innocence, not Patience, could engage,
Not Laws, not leſs than Violence aſſwage;
Obliging Services had no eſteem,
Paſt Deeds from preſent Ruine could not Redeem.
The Laws of Honour, Nature, and of God,
With equal hate to him and us withſtood:
Juſtice and Truſts, thoſe Jewels of the Crown,
With an unheard Ingratitude trod down:
Meaſures of Right were guided by the ſtronger,
Till fleſh and Blood could now endure no longer.
Charters, by Fraud and Laws, by Force, Deſtroy'd,
And dear-bought Aids againſt our ſelves employ'd;
Our Raviſh'd Rights as bloody Victims lay,
To haughty and Ingrateful Luſt a Prey.
With like Effort new unſeen Baits were laid,
Bold, Unſuſpected, Cruel, not afraid,
Till Heaven and *Holland* we implor'd for Aid.

Loud were the Cries, as ſwift the Indulgent Ear,
And unforeſeen Deliverers appear;
Divine Reliefs as ſecret are as ſure,
He acts as unaccountable as pure:
Goſhen Oppreſſions ſent not up a Groan
Of Penitence, but ſhook the haughty Throne,
And early toſt the Ambitious Tyrant down.
Our crys repeated, mov'd his juſter Rage,
To ſhake the *Babel* Builders of the Age;
Confuſion to their Camps and Councils ſend,
And makes themſelves Deſtroy what they Defend.
But where the Inſtrument for Heaven Deſigns,
No work but true and proper Agent finds.
Thee *Naſſau*, mark'd for Honour and Applauſe!
Thee! Thee! Almighty Deſtines for the Cauſe,
To prop the ſtaggering Bulwark of the Laws.
Thee *Naſſau*, truly Great as truly Bold,
Thy Houſe were all Deliverers of Old;
But Purchas'd they a cheap Redemption? No,
No, *Naſſau*, nor may thine be cheaper too.
Their Lives they boldly Sacrific'd, and fell
Well fraught with Honour, and reveng'd as well:
Thy Honour, Hazard, and Succeſs, the ſame,
Thy Actions greater, and thy greater Fame
Not fewer Enemies than theirs create,
The ſame the Fortune, not the ſame the Fate.
Thee, Heaven for ſtill continued Fame defends;
Thee for more Honour, and more Work intends:
In vain ſhall lurking Treachery Deſign,
In vain ſhall Fury bark, or Envy pine;
Craft ſhall attempt and ſmooth its Baits again;
But all her Politicks be ſpent in vain,
Till not one Work of Heaven unfiniſh'd remain.
Gyants may Heaven attack, and Batt'ries raiſe,
But *Joves* Almighty Thunder ſhall deſpiſe:
The Moon, by brightneſs, will diſperſe the Dark,
Tho' all the Dogs o'th' Univerſe do Bark.
Thee, Prince, has *Jove* his choiceſt Favours given;
Thee, made the Mighty Favourite of Heaven;
Born Heir Apparent to the beſt of Crowns,
To ſhatter, not to clog thy ſelf with Thrones.
Thee, Heaven Exalts above the Gods, thee Fate
Comptroller of the Kings on Earth create:
Thrones wait thy beckoning hand, and Princes ſit
With awful ſilence at thy Conquering Feet;
For Aids, Advice, and Reſolutions, come,
And at thy faſtning Councils they are Dumb;
Trembling and Guilty at thy Mighty call;
Their eaſie Majeſty and Crowns lets fall;
Reſign aſſumed ill wrought Government,
And ſtand, or fall, at thy Arbitrement:

Thee, the now Arming Univerſe obſerves,
Thee Empire Courts, and her Electors ſerves;
Thy mighty Alliance earneſtly they ſeek,
And juſtly, Head of their great Leagues they make;
Proud of thy Friendſhip, and ſecure in thee,
A willing Homage to thy riſing greatneſs pay.
But O! Thou bleſt of Iſles, our *Tempes* Plains,
Who early boaſted of the beſt of Swains;
Thee Fate, Thee *Flora*, Thee the Gods do Bleſs
Thee Honour, Fame a *Naſſaw* doſt poſſeſs.
Thy Native Glory, Ancient and Unſtain'd,
Waits His Acceſs, and is by Him regain'd:
What Sacrifice? What Hecatombs are due,
Next unto *Jove*, Great Warlike Prince, to You:
Our willing Hearts Eternal Trophies raiſe
In living Monuments of laſting Praiſe:
Swift was Thy Help when helpleſs Fate oppreſt:
Who helps in Exigencies helps the Beſt.
So when an *Algerine* does Tour away
After long Fight, the Conquer'd Bark a prey,
The rugged Sailors ſtruggling with their Fate,
Find their Reſiſtance fruitleſs, and too late,
Unwilling yield (Life, though with Chains, is ſweet)
And hardly Quarter from the Pagan get;
Enſlav'd and Manacl'd behold abroad
A friendly Frigot claps the Turk aboard,
Frees them from Bondage, and their Ship reſtores,
While Rage and Fire in vain the Pyrate poures:
Judge Sailors, Judge, Judge *Britains*, ye that know
What grateful Homage would the Captives ſhow,
And Judge by that what you to *Orange* owe.
Thus kindly, thus prevailing was his Aid,
We Weak, and our Oppreſſors not affraid;
Puſt by Succeſs grown Mad and Inſolent,
Not thoughtful of, nor fearing an account.
I leſht with the Barbarous Preſident in *France*,
Whoſe Tyrant unreſtrain'd by Providence;
His threatniug Banners at the World Diſplaid,
And all but Noble *Naſſaw* was affraid:
When ſingle and alone he ſtopt their Pride,
And now as ſingly has born back the Tyde,
The Flood of unreſiſted Violence,
The ſame Defender and the ſame Defence.
To ſpeak of Ships, of Engines, and of Arms,
Of Secret Councils, and of falſe Alarms,
Private Reſolves, and undiſcover'd Leagues,
That bilkt the Politicks of Engliſh Teagues:
The Nations from and unto whom they came,
Were endleſs, Noble *Naſſaw*, as thy Fame:
To ſpeak of Conduct, Courage and Command,
Of Diſcipline, of Wiſdom, Intereſt and
Concurring Providence by Sea and Land,

To ſpeak of Prudence and of Reſolution,
Deep were His Councils, ſwift His Execution;
Never was Great Deſign maturer weigh'd,
Never the Meaſures more exactly laid,
And not one Cabinet Reſolve betray'd.
To ſpeak of Correſpondence wiſely carryed,
Not one Embaſſage, not a ſcrip miſcarryed:
His ſwift Intelligence of State Intreagues,
Sham Brats and Bloody Sanctifyed Leagues;
The Tragick Scenes of Violence and Ambition,
The ſecret prompting Engines of Diviſion
Scap't not his Eye, nor will they his Deciſion,
To ſpeak of Stratagems in time and place,
Acted when Nature bound unwilling Peace
On *France*, who vainly threatned Revenge and War,
But ſtood a helpleſs Gazer from afar:
All theſe and more, 'twere endleſs to Record,
Nor time permits, nor needs thy Fame their Word;
His well-laid Project does beſpeak Succeſs,
His Hazard's Great, and His Expence no leſs:
Such great Acceſſions juſtly claim our Praiſe,
And Trophies of a well-ſung Glory raiſe.
What elſe have all the Heroes of the Age
Strove with ſuch fatal emulating Rage?
What gets the Victor at the expence of Blood,
If all his Praiſe for Flattery's underſtood?
Yet ranſom'd Nations ſurely may Record,
And Sing the Fame of their Delivering Lord:
Well may our Grateful Hearts with Praiſes ſwell
His Actions for us, we, and none but we can tell;
The World is witneſs to the Things are done,
But what prevented's (but to us) unknown.
Well may we praiſe him, for, if we forbear,
The Stones would ſpeak, and our Ingratitude declare.
From publick Ruine, and a Treacherous Plot
He has Delivered us, or he has not:
If not, what does he here? and if he has,
Why ſtop we the due Tribute of His Praiſe.
Let every Tongue *Narciſſus*-like enjoin
His Muſe to Sing no Praiſes but his own.
Though Weakneſs dull my Pen, and Wit in ſpight,
I'll whet my Quill in Gratitude and write;
Though Dumbneſs ſhould the firſt bold Chant poſſeſs,
Naſſaw I'd Sing, a Singing *Naſſaw* ceaſe;
Sing every tender Swain his Welcome Great,
And thus ſtrowFlowers,and thus ſtrow Joys around hisFeet:
Who then's this Great, this thus Adored Prince?
Whence his Beginning? what his Excellence?
His Offspring's Noble, in the firſt Degree,
As truly Noble in himſelf is He:
Birth and Victorious Anceſtors Adorn,
And load His Head with Honour, His Mind with Scorn;

Nor

Nor will he boaſt of Honours he inherits,
But what juſt Fate gives to his early Merits;
Sprung from a ſtock of Heroes, yet Hero more,
For Actions of his own, than all before;
Hereditary Honours do poſſeſs,
But his acquired Vertues are no leſs.
Princes ill Fate is flattery from below,
By ſuch as ſtudy more to gain than know;
But to inform what is his real Name,
Go ask his Conquer'd Enemies his Fame.
His youthful Rage in early Fights begun,
Loſt not by Fury what his Valour won;
Not leſs his Force, nor did his Prudence ſhow,
Advantages by fear or ſloth let go:
His waking Eye, his reſtleſs, thinking Parts,
Re-edify'd the Diſlocated States,
When *Europes* almoſt-Monarch firſt confounded
Their Troops, and their Metropolis ſurrounded.
And let them ſpeak whoſe Conquering Power he ſtaid,
More of his Name, than of his Arms afraid,
While his firſt Power was ſmall, and Allies him betraid.
How boldly, how ſucceſsfully he ſtrove,
Edg'd with ſwift Zeal, Arm'd with his Country's Love;
Yet never baſe to Conquer'd Towns or Men,
Whoſe Fortune with his Valour did contend:
But Generous as Noble, Wiſe as Juſt,
With firmeſt Faith diſcharg'd the largeſt Truſt:
His Courage *Lewis* might himſelf have try'd,
When tempting Fortune dar'd him to Decide
Impending Victory by a down-right blow,
Where Valour more than *French* Invention he might ſhow.
Thee *Valencienns* remembers, thee, Noble Youth,
While yet thy Conduct had an early growth;
There *Lewis* ſaw, and left thee pleas'd no leſs,
To have brav'd the Hector of the Univerſe.
As for his Politicks, let him appear,
That has out-done him now for twenty year:
If *France* from Conquer'd Provinces was drove,
By neither Wit nor Courage, let him love
The Glory of it, this we early knew,
They were not Fools with whom he had to do:
He had no States divided to oppoſe,
Nor none but Conquering and United Foes:
Nor had he *Scomberg Crequi* or *Turenne*,
By whom he idly might his Honour gain:
Captains abide the long Fatigues of War,
While Princes Idly, as Spectators are,
And view the Noble Dangers from on far.
Yet theirs the Praiſe, not ſo *Naſſovian* Youth,
Thy Hand has fetch'd thy Honours from the North;
Through untrod Paths of Dangers thou didſt raiſe
Thy ſelf the Trophies of a laſting Praiſe.

Thouſands of Dangers fearleſs and untaught,
In queſt of Honour he with Honour fought;
His harraſs'd Country Triumphs now in eaſe,
And to his weary Labour owe their peace;
A tottering State divided and made poor;
A barbarous Threatning Victor at the Door;
The more undaunted, and the more enrag'd,
With equal fury and ſucceſs engag'd;
And though a Cloud his Anger ſeem'd afar,
Yet threaten'd Havock, Fire, Revenge and War;
Nor was he ſooner entred on command,
While yet he ſhook his ſtill unpractic'd hand;
But *France* himſelf, as doubtful and affraid,
Defenſive Wars of an Invaſion made.
His Perſonal Vertues, if you ask of them,
Add but theſe two, The flower of his rare ſtem,
His ſolid, thoughtful, ſteady, unmov'd frame,
And his acquired Piety the ſame;
The Heir of Vertues, and the ſtock of Grace,
And ripening unto Heavenly Joys apace:
Greatneſs with Grace, Vertue with Honour twine,
And all with awful luſtre from him ſhine;
Charming his Voice, and of Majeſtick Air,
His Words as Sacred as his Vertues are;
To whom as to the Oracle is due,
A ſilent Faith, and never oftner ſpeaks than true:
Searching his knowledge, and his Mien compleat,
Always for Conflict, and for Conqueſt fit,
Of ſteady Judgment, and refined Wit.
Humility with Royal Bounty joyn,
And in Reſolved Right as Maſculine;
Not timerous, not unconſtant, not unſteady,
Not unreſolv'd, in Dangers not unready;
Not treacherous, not deceitful, not untrue,
Not unbelov'd and envy'd but by few:
Firm as the Rocks in rowling Seas abide,
When floods of Doubts, and Dangers, paſs beſide.
If Griefs aſſault him, or if Comfort flows,
He's undepreſs'd by theſe, unrais'd by thoſe:
If Fraud attack him, or if Fame Careſſes,
This he with force, and that with ſcorn ſuppreſſes:
Unmov'd by Joys or Griefs, unſwell'd by Fame,
Fixt and unalterable, he's the ſame.
Thus the Wiſe Architect of Natures frame,
Wiſely Adapts the Inſtruments of Fame:
Thus has he drawn in the exacteſt Lines,
The Agent of his Wonderful Deſigns,
That our Redemption might the clearer ſeem,
To come as really it doth from him:
What tho' a *Cirus* did his Temple build,
And hollow *Jehu* ſwift Deliverance yield,

Villains the Works of Heaven may blindly do,
His Univerſal Government to ſhow,
But in his common Order 'tis not ſo:
He chooſes not, confines himſelf to means,
In Goodneſs Goodneſs, ſuiting Actions to our ſenſe,
Great is the Wiſdom of his Providence.
May this great Agent in the Almighty hand,
Perfect begun Deliverance in the Land;
May he continue with a juſter Rage,
To ſhake the Overturners of the Age.
And thou great *Albion*, whoſe Unpinion'd hands
Gives hope or fear, to all the Neighbour Lands:
Let *Europe* ſee thy early Valour raiſe,
And new attempts revive thy former praiſe;
Thy Ancient Vigour and Regard aſſume,
The Ballance, once again, of *Chriſtendom*:
What tho' by Prieſt-Craft thou doſt halting go,
What once was one, may once again be ſo:
If thou art bleſs'd with Eyes to ſee thy Fate,
And ſhun the Jealouſies that they create,
If peradventure it be not too late.
Be one as thou wert made, who would divide,
And fix a Neuter Gender on thy ſide;
Masks but Deſtruction in a ſmooth Diſguiſe,
Urg'd by a Foe Implacable and Wiſe.
In vain has Noble *Naſſau* undertook,
In vain the props of Innovation ſhook;
In vain his Hazard to redeem thy Right,
In vain he came, in vain didſt thou invite:
In vain his Royal Mate beſtow'd her Lord,
And all her Joys adventur'd, to afford
Thy ſinking State Relief, in vain ſhe try'd,
While Troops of lurking Feuds in thy chaſt boſom hide.

Concluſion to the Poets.

AND now the Work's compleat, a happy ſmile
Sits on the Brows of our reſtored Iſle;
Approaching *Flora* promiſes to ſpread
New unſeen bloſſoms to Perfume his Bed,
And ~~Weave a new~~ Invented Garland for his Head.
Every young Bard his new Acceſſions greet,
And lay their early Off-ſprings at his feet,
While Troops of Mercenary Farce diſperſe
Their Dogrel Burleſque from the voiding Preſs,
Barren in Wit, and Balderdaſh in Verſe.
Me, Gall as well as Gratitude, inſpires,
Me loads *Apollo* with unequal fires,
To ſee the happy Aſpect of our Iſle
Flouriſh, while all her Wits lye ſtill the while.
Alas! Muſt we the beſt of bleſſings gain,
At the large hazard of the beſt of men,
And now Careſs him with my Junior Pen?

Alas!

Alas! The Famous *Settle*, *Durfy*, *Tate*,
That early propt the deep Intrigues of State;
Dull Whiggiſh Lines the World could ne're applaud,
While your ſwift Genius did appear abroad.
And thou great *Bays*, whoſe yet unconquer'd Pen
Wrote with ſtrange force, as well of Beaſts as Men;
Whoſe Noble Genius grieved from afar,
Becauſe new Worlds for *Bays* did not appear:
None to contend with, the Ambitious Elf
Begins a Civil War againſt himſelf:
Alas! How cruel is a Poets Fate,
Or who indeed would be a Laureat,
That muſt, or fall, or turn with every turn of State.
Poor Bard! If thy hot Zeal for Loyal *Wem*,
Forbids thy tacking ſing his *Requiem*,
Sing ſomething, Prethee, to enure thy Thumb,
Nothing but Conſcience ſtrikes a Poet Dumb:
Conſcience! That dull Chimera of the Schools,
A Learned Impoſition upon Fools:
Thee, *Dryden*, art not ſilenc'd with ſuch ſtuff,
'y'Gad thy Conſcience has been large enough.
But here are Loyal Subjects ſtill and Foes,
Many to Mourn for, many to Oppoſe:
Shall thy great Maſter, thy Almighty *Jove*,
Whom thou to place above the Gods haſt ſtrove;
Shall he from *Davids* Throne ſo early fall,
And Laureat *Dryden* not a tear let fall,
Nor Sings the Bard his *Exit* in one poor Paſtoral.
Thee fear confines, thee, *Dryden*, fear confines,
And Grief, not Shame, ſtops thy recanting Lines;
Our *Damon* is as Generous as Great,
And well would pardon tears that Love create.
Shouldſt thou in Juſtice to thy vexed Soul
Not Sing to him, but thy loſt Lord condole;
But Silence is a Damning Errour, *John*,
I'd or my Maſter, or my ſelf bemoan.

FINIS.